

## **The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.**

The Transport cafe.

In the heart of the English countryside, nestled beside a winding road, stood a humble transport cafe. With its faded sign and worn-out facade, it had been a beacon for weary travelers and lorry drivers for decades. The cafe, aptly named "The Roadside Stop," was a place where people from all walks of life converged.

Early each morning, as the first rays of sunlight peeked through the horizon, the clattering of dishes and the sizzling of griddles echoed within the cafe's walls. Fred, the cafe's owner, was a stout man with a perpetual smile. He had inherited the business from his father and had dedicated his life to serving the hungry souls on the road.

As the doors swung open, a wave of fragrant aromas welcomed the customers. The air was thick with the scent of freshly brewed tea and the tantalizing sizzle of bacon on the grill. The interior of the cafe was filled with worn wooden tables and mismatched chairs, each one telling its own story of countless conversations and shared moments.

Lorry drivers, clad in worn-out jackets and grease-stained overalls, settled into their usual spots. They shared stories of the long roads they had traveled, the adventures they had encountered, and the beauty they had witnessed through their windshields. Their camaraderie, forged by the shared experiences of a nomadic lifestyle, was the lifeblood of The Roadside Stop.

Amidst the hearty laughter and jovial banter, trade union representatives could be seen, engaging in discussions with the drivers. They fought for fair working conditions, better wages, and a stronger sense of unity among the transport workers. The cafe became a hub of communication, a place where drivers could find solace and support, and where their voices could be heard.

The menu at The Roadside Stop was simple yet satisfying. Breakfast was a feast fit for champions, featuring the renowned full cooked breakfast. It boasted a medley of mouthwatering components, including fried eggs, crispy bacon, black pudding, bubble and squeak, hash browns, baked beans, grilled tomatoes, and of course, a steaming mug of strong tea. The aroma alone was enough to make the heartiest of appetites growl.

Throughout the day, the cafe served an array of meals to appease any hunger. From steaming steak and kidney pies to traditional roast dinners, each dish was prepared with care and passion. And for dessert, the customers indulged in warm apple crumbles topped with a generous dollop of custard, savoring the comforting flavors that reminded them of home.

The Roadside Stop was a sanctuary for the road-weary. It provided nourishment not only for their bodies but also for their spirits. As the sun set on another day, drivers bid farewell to their newfound friends, promising to meet again at their next stop.

The transport cafe was more than just a place to refuel and replenish. It was a hub of connection, a testament to the resilience and solidarity of those who traversed the country's highways.

Through the clatter of dishes, the shared meals, and the comforting aroma of tea, The Roadside Stop had become a home away from home, where hearts were warmed and stories were shared, one cup of tea at a time.

By Donald Jay